

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1524 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island.

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Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 146 and 2145.



Thursday, October 23, 1913.

And to think of the headache that is in store for Huerta.

This talk of cutting Mexico in two should be dropped. One Mexico is enough.

The latest idea of luck in New York is to get to see a play before the police stop it.

The lowly nickel piles up fortunes, as Adolphus Busch's \$50,000,000 estate bears witness.

With Joseph G. Cannon and William Lorimer both talking of seeking office, the state of Illinois is again on the map.

Probably, this winter, our old friend Connie Mack will not have to worry about where the next month's rent is coming from.

Is it possible that Woodrow Wilson will be obliged to talk to John Bull as Grover Cleveland did? He can do it, if he has to.

Vincent Astor will be able to keep the wolf away from the door a little while longer. Somebody has left him a legacy of \$1,500.

Of course, if Senator Huerta wishes to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of that election, he cannot do better than run it himself.

Anyway it was just as easy for Congressman Hobson to declare war on Chairman Underwood as it was for him to declare war on Japan.

There's a big horse show on in Kansas City this week. There were great crowds of horse lovers in attendance, but most of them go in automobiles.

One French general, aged 72, has challenged another, aged 77, to a duel. If these old gentlemen persist in the duel habit one of them is likely to get accidentally hurt.

The United States can easily afford to entertain Mr. Pankhurst for a time, if only as an act of friendship for Great Britain who is proving so friendly to the United States just now about the Mexican situation.

The late tragedy in Germany does not impress one with a belief that the war department should ask congress to invest \$350,000 in two dirigible airships. They can kill enough soldiers on the ground.

Arrested for "advocating the destruction of private property" in specific oral directions to silk-workers as to the manner of ruining certain raw material, one Boyd pleads that he was within his constitutional rights of free speech and gave the advice as a means toward the end of gaining victory in an industrial war. Some Industrial Workers of the World are as ingenious as "Divinity" Baer in justifying their action. Capitalist nor agitator has a monopoly on cunning.

WHY TAMMANY FLOURISHES.

It having been shown that Governor Sulzer swore falsely and misused campaign funds and disgraced his office, the progressives of New York city are now planning to elect him to the legislature to vindicate him. This is the real reason why Tammany flourishes. It is because Tammany's reform opponents do not keep their own skirts clean from taint of greed and graft.

When we find a man in politics who is there for no personal gain of gold or glory, he is almost a modern miracle. Some day, some way, there may open up a real campaign of reform, in which every worker is moved only by the unselfish desire to elevate politics and parties to a plane of honesty and universal squareness.

MANN'S COURSE NOT MANLY.

Representatives Mann of Illinois is hardly gathering any credit for himself or his party by the course he is pursuing in the house at Washington in striving to force an adjournment of congress before the currency bill is acted on. His tactics consist in piling all the annoyance possible on members of congress.

Because of Mr. Mann, representatives have had to make extra trips back to Washington, though there is nothing more for them to do after setting there than to answer roll call. The plan is to nag and harass them until they will demand an adjournment. Of course there is practically

nothing to engage house members while the senate is considering the currency measure, so there is no practical reason why they should stay in Washington. Mr. Mann forces them back to the capitol, where they put in a few minutes a day marking time. Congressman Tavenner has been anxious for some time to get out of his district, but is being held at the capitol by the pending currency legislation, and is willing to stick until something is accomplished.

It seems that Mr. Mann should realize that the country doesn't want the currency measure beaten. There is a general wish that some sort of bill be put through at this time, just to get a start in this important matter. On the whole the country will feel better after a currency measure is passed up to the president. And this feeling will be shared by those who will not concede that the measure adopted is the best that could be had, by those who may protest against perhaps some of its provisions. There is a general feeling that it is better to go ahead and do something, and the sooner the better.

In a way financial bodies all over the country are waiting to learn just what is to be done; they want to know where they are to stand. And they feel that something needs to be done.

Why then should Representative Mann allow himself to become an obstructionist? And there is some wonder that his party should allow him to continue in the role he has taken up.

ANOTHER PRECEDENT SHATTERED.

Another precedent has been ruthlessly smashed by the Wilson administration, this time by Secretary Daniels.

For years the government has been following the farcical proceedings of calling for bids on armor plate and the manufacturers of armor plate have put in their bids, identical with one another and never varying a cent. And the government has given them the contracts, dividing the work up among them, or giving the contract to one of them knowing that the contractor would himself divide it.

In this way the government has encouraged contractors to get together and gouge it.

When Secretary of the Navy Daniels opened the first bids made since he came into the office he found that the bids of the Midvale, Carnegie and Bethlehem corporations were identical to a cent. He rejected them all, saying there appeared to be an agreement between the three concerns to control the armor plate business and to apportion the contracts with the government among them. He said further that the corporations must make their bids lower and competitive or he would consider giving the contract to an English concern which had bid lower.

In consequence of his stand the Midvale company presented a new bid which was lower by \$111,875 than the first bids submitted by the three corporations, and it got the contract along with the consent of the secretary to apportion the work among the other armor plate manufacturers if it wished.

On the proposition to have the Wilson administration continue its precedent-smashing policy, the country, we take it, is unanimous.

A JUST MAN.

Benjamin Altman, the New York merchant, who recently died, did not believe in the Carnegie idea that he discredited who dies rich.

Though Mr. Altman did an enormous business, he was so quiet and modest; that even his intimate friends were surprised to know that he left an estate valued at \$50,000,000.

The son of a Jew immigrant he began his business life in a small way. Under his able management it became one of the great establishments of New York. He employed the most intelligent clerks and paid them beyond the prevailing wage scale. He looked after their welfare and particularly their moral well being.

Of his great fortune he left only \$800,000 to his immediate heirs. The rest he distributed among his intimate associates and the employees in his business and gave munificently to art. All persons in the Altman store in New York City who worked there 20 years received \$2,500 each. Those who had been employed more than 18 and less than 20, \$1,500, and to each employee over 15 years, \$1,000. His art collection, estimated at worth \$15,000,000, he bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Altman did not die poor but in the end gave his wealth to good purposes. The men and women who had been long in his employ aided him to reach success and he showed that he appreciated their services. He realized that he could not have succeeded but for the help of others and he did not forget them in his final hour. He was a just man.

SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

It Permeates the Entire Being of the Flying Bird.

The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes. The air is in all its quills. It breathes through its whole frame and flesh and glows with air in its flying, like brown flames. It rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it—is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself. Also in the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the mind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knifed together in its song.

As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice, unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at

OUR EFFICIENT ARMY

(Washington Post.)

Secretary Garrison was well within the bounds of conservatism when he said that the personnel of the officers of the army has never been better or higher than at the present time. Americans have reason to be proud of their army. It is not as large as it might be, and it has not been tested in war in recent years, but its achievements in peace have been so manifold and so superior in character that the highly drilled military organizations of Germany, France and England seem less formidable despite their great numerical strength.

It is true to a certain extent that the strength of the army depends upon the character of the enlisted men, and that these men are not wholly satisfied with their lot. It may also be true that in some instances the officers do not make the enlisted men feel that they are necessary integrals of the army of the United States.

On the whole, however, the officers of the army include some of the greatest men we have in the country today.

They have not had much chance in recent years to demonstrate their heroism in war, but their achievements in peace have been such as to excite the admiration of the world.

The work of Colonel Goethals in building the Panama canal will not soon be forgotten. The work of Surgeon General Blue in ridding San Francisco and other cities of the plague will stand always as a monument to the intelligence and courage of the army.

The work of Major James E. Normoyle in planning for the sudden mobilization of troops on the Texas border two years ago and more recently in establishing the great camp at Gettysburg, where 50,000 civil war veterans were accommodated with only a few casualties, was one of the greatest triumphs of modern military sanitation. Not many nations can boast of an army that could handle the rescue work that was necessary after the Ohio floods in the same efficient and quiet manner that characterized the performance of Major Normoyle and his assistants some months ago.

HIRING DOCTORS THE CHINESE WAY

(Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.)

The Chinese hire doctors to keep them well rather than to cure them of sickness. So long as a Chinese doctor's patients are in good health he gets his pay. When they fall sick his pay stops notwithstanding his services must continue.

This is an ideal arrangement when the patient sedulously observes the doctor's orders, which are in keeping with the mandates of the laws of hygiene. Sickness is consequent upon a violation of these laws. To be well the average person merely has to obey them.

Have you rheumatism of one kind? To get rid of it, stop eating meat. Have you stomach trouble? Cut down your food consumption. Can't you keep down your flesh? Diet and do most of your eating before 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Have you a cold? Keep your feet dry hereafter. Do you suffer from headaches? Chances are it is because you are overated. Do your eyes pain? You may use them too much in reading or in sewing. For

every effect there is a cause. Determine what is the matter with you and one who knows hygiene will tell you the cause and the cause, nine times out of ten, will be found clearly to be the result of violation of nature's laws.

The old Romans went the Chinese one better. For a century they never had doctors, so familiar were they with, and so religiously did they observe the laws of hygiene. Everybody ought to be able to get along without a doctor of medicine, though accidents may make employment of surgeons necessary to bind up wounds or set broken bones. Health is no more and no less than observance of nature's laws. As a lawyer points the way to getting off with the lightest penalty for crime, so a doctor prescribes medicine with the same purpose in view, and to assist nature.

One of these days it is going to be as much a disgrace to get sick as to get drunk. Drunkenness, it is to be remembered, is due solely to drinking too much liquor. What is the difference between that and eating too much food?

CONCERNING STREET DUST

(Philadelphia Record.)

We have but slight knowledge of the deleterious quality of the city street dust which the flying motors so gaily whirl about as they roll along, and the wanton winds gather up and deposit where they list in our dwelling places. For the information of sanitarians Sir James Crichton-Browne, an English scientist, has been at the pains to make a careful analysis of a quantity of street dust gathered on the top of a bed room wardrobe. Here is the result.

Organic and inorganic matter: Silica, insoluble silicates, oxide of iron, alumina, lime, carbonic acid, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, animal fibres, vegetable fibres, feather barbs, wood fragments, squamous epithelial scales from the skin, small round cells, starch granules, pollen spores.

There must be attrition consequent upon movement, with resultant dust. But what an argument Sir Crichton-Browne has advanced for better sprinkled streets!

daybreak or hissing and twittering among the boughs and hedges, through the heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake and rattle the petals of the wild rose.

Also upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air; on these the gold of the cloud that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the cloud, that are not the pride of Athena, but are Athena; the vermilion of the cloud bar, and the flame of the cloud crest, and the snow of the cloud and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume, with wave upon wave following and fading along

breast and throat and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea sand, even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes—seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the spirit of the air is put into and upon this created form, and it becomes through twenty centuries the symbol of divine help, descending as the fire to speak, but as the dove to bless—From John Ruskin's "The Queen of the Air."

Monroe, La.—Warren Eaton, a negro, accused of having made an insulting remark to a white woman here Monday, was taken from the jail here by a mob and hanged to a telegraph pole.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the cubists were achieving a good deal of prominence and wasn't it wonderful what progress they had made when you consider how cruelly they were treated before the Spanish war and how short a time they had really been free.

The ONLOOKER
HENRY HOWLAND
Montmorency's Love

Montmorency Miggsworth loved Lucretia Ann Adair.

Lover her with the love of twenty-four. Loved the very hairpins that were fastened in her hair.

Loved the plaits and puffs and rat she wore. Loved the sky because she saw it.

Loved the air because she breathed it. Loved her as he fancied man had never loved before.

Montmorency Miggsworth loved the little yellow bird. That the maiden fed from day to day.

Loved the brindle kitten that lay in her lap and purred. Loved the wads of gum she tossed away.

Loved the chair that she sat in. Loved the tub that she bathed in. Loved her as he hardly had the time to earn his pay.

Montmorency Miggsworth loved the shoes upon her feet. Loved the little mole upon her cheek.

Loved her so he gladly paid for things she liked to eat. Went to see her seven nights a week.

Loved the fillings in her molars. Loved the charcoal on her eyebrows. Loved so love became the only word he cared to speak.

Montmorency Miggsworth lost the job he had possessed. Lost it when he had himself to blame: Then Lucretia scorned him, and, discouraged and oppressed.

What he did was really a shame—Thought that life was not worth living. Loathed the world and longed to leave it.

But she would swing on its orbit. Just the same.

CANDID OPINION.

No man can win success by doing something that has been done before.

A little taffy now and then is relished by the wisest men.

Some girls seem to think they are not getting their money's worth if they fail to get engaged seven or eight times before they get married.

One of the differences between the measles and the eccentricities of genius is that the latter are not necessarily fatal if they strike in.

When a man disgraces himself his first thought is not one of regret for his own shame, but of what the world will think.

In addition to tempting Eve, Satan probably introduced money into the Garden of Eden.

People have died for love that would have made them miserable if they could have had it.

Some People Never Get Over It. "That funny looking old fellow over there," he said as he and the girl sat down on the stairs, "makes me think of a disagreeable thing that happened to me once when I was living in Philadelphia. I was at a gathering something like this and was talking to a stunning girl I had just met. Well, among the guests was a little chap who looked for all the world like that homely little runt, and I got to making funny cracks to her about him. After she'd let me tie myself up in all kinds of knots she broke it to me gently that the old party with the twisted face was her—say, why are you looking at me in that funny way?"

"I was just wondering when you would stop long enough to let me tell you that you have been using my grandfather and myself for invidious comparisons."

What It Costs to Be a Pig. He put his elbows on the table. He ate potatoes with a knife. He reached before the man beside him. And belched against the latter's wife. He wiped his nose upon his napkin. He "choked" and slopped things here and there.

He never thought of those about him. Or if he did he didn't care.

Next day he sought to win promotion. But failed, and cursed his sorry lot: The man whose dinner he had ruined. Was master of the place he sought: Some men get in the trough and wallow. Nor care what others think or say—There's nothing lost in having manners. And being decent by the way.

"Oh, doctor, I feel so discouraged—whoooping cough, measles, mumps and croup, one after the other, and now my child is ill again!"

"Why, the boy's a genius!" "A genius?" "Yes—infinite capacity for taking pains, you know."—London Tit-Bits.

The Daily Story

A BIT OF SOLDIER—BY MARION B. CURTISS.

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"Stivers, give me a room."

"I'm full, Clapham, but I've always made room for any of you fellows from Scotland Yard who has asked to be taken care of, for I know you're after game. Anything of importance?"

"Well, it's not exactly important, and yet it is important in one sense, seeing that there's a game to be played on us and we've got to make preparations to meet it. Have you any suspicious persons in the house?"

"Now you speak of it, a man came in yesterday. I don't think he's a regular crook, simply a measly chap that might be hired to do some dirty work."

"That fits exactly. I shall need your assistance, so I may as well show you my hand. You have this Mrs. Striker of Chicago here, whose coming to London has been made so much of in the society journals. These American millionaires are some of them, trying to beat the New York customs officers, and they do so quite often. The American detective is a very dull bird beside our English outlooker. This Mrs. Striker, I've learned, has bought the diamond that the Hardestade family has been trying to find a purchaser for. They finally sold it to her for \$20,000."

"Well?" said the landlady. "Mrs. Striker is not going to pay American duty on a stone that can be carried in a shoe heel or a bouquet of flowers or a watch case with the works removed to make room for it or a dozen other places of concealment, but the trouble is that the news has gone over that she's bought the Hardestade gem, and those muttonheads of New York will be on the lookout for her. She's to sail on the Romanian on Wednesday, and they'll naturally expect that the diamond goes with her."

"Now, we of Scotland Yard are up to all these smuggling tricks and are on to this game. I don't need to give away how I got the story, but I got it all the same. Tomorrow morning Mrs. Striker will be found bound and gagged in her room and the diamond gone. The New York chaps will see an account of the loss cabled to the newspapers, and when the lady arrives she will not meet with the attention she deserves."

"But what's the need of a robbery if it's all a fake?"

"That's where our part over here comes in. Mrs. Striker will be bound up in Scotland Yard men to recover her diamond and giving talk to the newspaper reporters. There's doubtless some confederate of hers right here in your hotel who will take the blame of robbery."

"I see; he'll take it and return it to her secretly."

"No, he won't do any such thing. Do you suppose she'd trust it to a fellow like that? What she wants him for is to make it appear that he robbed her of it. And how can we Scotland Yard men get it back from him when he hasn't got it?"

"There's that measly chap I spoke to you about now—that red headed fellow just going into the smoking room. He booked himself from Brumagem, but I know by his accent that he's an American. Lunnion is full of American crooks. I shouldn't wonder if they kept you fellows busy looking after them."

"So they do. I'm glad you've pointed him out to me; it will save my hunting him up. What's the number of his room?"

"No. 76. Come to think of it. Mrs. Striker's room is 75, directly opposite."

"Pshaw! What a simple game it is, to be sure!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Make sure he doesn't leave his room tonight after he goes up. I shall sprinkle a fine powder on the sill and in front of the door. He's not going to have anything to do with the matter except to take the blame for stealing the diamond. I'll prove in the morning that he didn't go into Mrs. Striker's room, for I shall put some powder before her door too. All the police will have to do when the newspapers howl at us is to bring forward my proof."

"You are a sharp one, sure enough. Well, I'll give you 72, a bit farther along the corridor. Going up now?"

"No, not till I've done some watching of this red headed chap. I must satisfy myself that he's the confederate. I don't propose to leave some one else to do the job while I'm watching the wrong man."

The landlady went behind his counter, and the detective went into the smoking room, where he found the red headed man, whom he did not lose sight of till the latter went to his room. Clapham, not satisfied with his powder device, sat up all night looking through a space made by leaving his door ajar. He saw nothing unusual. At 7 o'clock in the morning the door of No. 75 was opened, and a lady's maid hurried downstairs. She soon returned with the clerk, and the two made for Mrs. Striker's room. Clapham followed them into the room and saw Mrs. Striker bound in a chair and gagged. As soon as the gag was taken out she cried:

"It's gone!" "What's gone?" asked the clerk. "My diamond."

"Who took it?" "I don't know. The lock of my door was picked. I heard some one working at it, but before I could decide what to do the door was thrown open and some one came in. There being no light in the room, I couldn't see who he was. I gave a cry, and he sprang upon me, put that thing in my mouth and tied me in the chair. Then he said that if I didn't tell him where the Hardestade diamond was he would kill me. To save my life I told him that it was under my pillow on the bed. He took it and left me as you see."

The afternoon London newspapers published the fact of the loss of the diamond, but refrained from giving any clue to the robber. Scotland Yard

officials looked wise and said nothing. They did not even watch the measly chap with the red head. But Mrs. Striker, to make sure that the news of the loss of her diamond reached New York, cabled the fact to her husband, and an account of the robbery appeared in all the afternoon journals.

People in London were surprised at the apathy of the police in the matter. But there was one man among them who was not apathetic, Clapham. There was a supplementary game on hand that he did not mention to Stivers. He wished to discover that the diamond was still in Mrs. Striker's possession and receive several thousand pounds rush money. When the lady left her room he entered it with a pass key and looked in every nook for the gem. There was not a hollow article or one that could be made bolt low in the room that he did not take to pieces. The stone might be contained in one of a cluster of artificial grapes ornamenting one of a number of hats he found in the room, and he demolished every grape without finding what he looked for. Some bell shaped buttons he cracked, with the same negative result. At last he was obliged to give up the job.

Meanwhile the red headed man came and went in and out of the hotel. The landlady was anxious to get rid of him, but had no excuse to turn him out. Indeed, he was requested by Clapham not to do so. Clapham was not sure some cue might not yet be derived from him. But nothing turned up. At the sailing of the Romanian, Clapham stood on the dock. After the gangplank had been removed and the vessel was well out, who should he see waving his hand to him with a sardonic smile on his face but the measly red headed man he had sat up all night to watch. The Londoner stood gazing at the fellow till he was out of sight, then turned away muttering imprecations on the whole "blasted" Yankee nation.

Mrs. Striker kept her stateroom for a day or two, then appeared on deck. Everybody on board had heard of her loss, and those who had an acquaintance with her commiserated with her for it. She tossed her head and laughed as though the matter were of no great importance to her, as indeed it was not, for she was rich enough to buy more gems at the same price.

When the Romanian was steaming up New York bay, among the crowd of passengers standing on the deck was Mrs. Striker. She wore a very large hat, trimmed elaborately, that she had bought in London not two hours before leaving her hotel for the steamer. She carried a motorboat ring a peculiar clack put out from Staten Island and heading directly for the steamer.

When it had come within a few hundred yards of her a gust of wind took her beautiful hat and dropped it on the water. But the motorboat that arrived so timely received it and sped away merrily.

It did not get very far before it was stopped. Soon after the Romanian passed Sandy Hook another motorboat was seen following her, and the red headed man from London from the stern was making signals to it, which were evidently understood. As soon as the first boat rescued the hat the second gave it chase, overhauled it and took it in charge.

When Mrs. Striker reached the dock in New York she was arrested for smuggling. The hat was produced, and in a large swelling ornament was the Hardestade diamond. The hat had been removed, the stone inserted, and the face soldered in its place again.

"How did you get on to the business, Watkins?" asked the customs inspector.

"Well, you see, I was sent over to track the man who absconded from the—th National bank and was in London when the lady bought the stone. I reckoned she might try to get it in free of duty, and I took a room directly opposite hers at the hotel. She put up a job of robbery on the Londoners in order that it might be cabled over here and put you fellows off your guard. A Scotland Yard man got on to the business, but not on to its true inwardness. The way I located it was this: While shadowing the lady I saw her buy some solder, and the last thing she bought in London was the hat that blew off her head in the bay. Not long ago, you may remember, we had a case of hat blowing. I put the two together and cabled our agency to be on the lookout. The rest you know."

"Well, I'll report the case to the collector of the port. You go up to his office in a few days and you'll find out what the government will do for you. What do you expect?"

"I think, considering the goods are worth \$100,000 and the duty will run up pretty well into the thousands, they ought to do something pretty nice for me."

"I think so, too, especially since they wouldn't have got a cent of duty from them, if it hadn't been for you."

Something pretty nice was done for Watkins, but since it was done from a private fund it was never known how much he got out of it.

Oct. 23 in American History.

1781—News of the surrender of Yorktown reached Philadelphia, then the seat of the Colonial government.